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Congo News Letter

Vol. XXXIX APRIL 1948 No. 2.

A MONUMENT TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

JOHN E. GEIL

In order properly to appraise and evaluate mission work on the Congo we need to remember that it is only seventy years ago since the pioneers of the Cross at the call of God and peril of their lives entered Congo. In so doing they overleapt what some regarded as "barriers of nature" and became guilty in the minds of some wise and good people of "criminal recklessness". They entered an unknown country, a rough rugged jungle country, without roads, bridges, beasts of burden, food, clothing, medicines or anything suited to the needs of the white man, — a country with a debilitating and deadly climate. They went to a people who were ignorant, superstitious and degraded and were practicing such cruel and bloody rites as cannibalism, witchcraft, human sacrifice, burial alive, and poison ordeals and were at the same time speaking a strange language no syllable of which had been reduced to writing. In the light of these facts it is easy to see how years of physical toil and endurance had to precede the ingathering of results.

Despite all of this and more which might be mentioned only seven years elapsed before there was a spiritual awakening known as the "Pentecost on the Congo". Out of this a church was born with a passion for souls and a passion for service. By the hundreds natives testified to their acceptance of the Gospel message by breaking away from their old superstitious beliefs and practices; witchcraft and witch doctors were renounced; taboos were broken and stacks of fetishes which had been feared and revered and worshipped for generations were brought to the station and publicly burned. Opposition and persecution which followed simply stimulated and promot-

ed the movement. Without pay and sometimes at the peril of lives the early converts went forth witnessing for Christ. They also evidenced their earnestness and sincerity by carrying voluntarily on their heads and shoulders a distance of fifty miles through tall jungle grass and over narrow crooked paths, all the material for a church building large enough to seat seven hundred people. The native church had had a day of special prayer for a church building and the building had come as they believed in direct answer to their prayer.

Despite difficulties and dangers which had to be met and overcome, the church from the beginning increased in numbers and strength. During the reaction which followed the initial awakening, which was in the nature, of a mass movement, there was a falling away of some who sought through the church temporal and material advantages, and possibly a heavenly home, but the rank and file remained true and faithful until death and, happy in a Saviour's love, passed into the great beyond.

From the beginning honest attempts have been made to put upon the native Christians responsibilities consistent with their spiritual attainment and power and thus conserve for Christ and his church the services which they alone can render. To a large extent the work is self-supporting, and self governing, and self-propagating. The giving of native Christians just a little removed from heathendom, if considered in the light of their income and possessions, is far in advance of that of the most generous givers in this favored land. Willingly and gladly in recent years the natives have taken upon themselves big responsibilities and heavy burdens in order that people in the homeland might help them to help themselves by doing for them things which need to be done and which they themselves cannot do. In this connection they have sometimes been disappointed and grieved when reasonable expectations and hopes have not been realized and when promises made by the Missions and Boards have not been kept. In spite of this, teachers and preachers have been content to go on with their work and accept support as the native church could or would give.

Practically all native workers who have been dependent on native churches for their support have been underpaid. Most of them have received mere pittances and some have received no pay at all and have had to work with their own hands in order that they themselves and their families might have the neccessities of life.

Apart from the abiding presence of the spirit of God the first great need of the Christian church in Congo is for native leaders who are trained and capable, consecrated and thoroughly Christian and will be examples of right forms of Christian living, and be able to apply Christianity to all phases and departments of native life. Such leaders will be able to raise up to themselves an intelligent, well-to-do, strong body of men and women who as laymen will constitute the backbone of the church and share in the bearing of its burdens, in the carrying on of its work and in the fulfilling of its task. In Congo the church is of necessity made up of immature Christians of the second or third generation who have had little in the way of instruction and help, little opportunity of growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. These are therefore poorly prepared for the reception and appropriation of the Gospel with its exacting and revolutionizing demands. The masses remain unsaved and many in the church are groveling in the dark in the midst of snares, delusions and pitfalls. False prophets are springing up in the name of the Lord and are leading many astray. Consequently there is a tremendous need for men and women who can and will teach and preach, and above all things else live the Gospel and carry on the work of the church in its entirety. Success in mission work today is determined by the extent to which competent native workers are being found, trained, and put to work for the Master. Without native workers and leaders mission work cannot long progress or survive.

In the Belgian Congo where the work was begun seventy years ago amongst a primitive and animistic people, who were declared by some to be hopeless, there are now evangelists and teachers and Christian workers of ability and power who are filling large places and carrying big responsibilities. The fact

that most of the church work is directed, controlled and supported by the natives themselves would indicate this. They also have a large part in carrying on school and medical work. In my work with as well as for natives, during my last term, I served in an advisory capacity to native leaders who were entrusted with the direction and management of the work of the station and field. Time would fail me if I should try to tell of Lukoki, Wamva, Malutama, Mafioti, Vingadio, Luvengika, Mabundamene, Lubikulu, Tondwanga, Wasunzulu, Kansietoko, Malaya, Makanzu, Mfundu and many others whom I might name and of the place and part which they have had, and are having, in the work of the church and Kingdom. Without such as these, missionaries with the shortages of staffs and funds could not in recent years have carried on.

The true story of Congo Mission work is on the whole a story of unmet needs, neglected opportunities, and unfulfilled obligations. We began our work in 1884 by taking over the work of an interdenominational mission which was known as the Livingstone Inland Mission. We took it over with one stipulation that the work which had been so wonderfully blest of God should not be allowed to lapse but should be vigorously prosecuted. In six years the Livingstone Inland Mission had seven well-established stations with twenty-three missionaries on those stations and three on furlough—twenty six in all out of fifty who had gone forth, ten of whom had died and fourteen of whom had been obliged to give up the work for health reasons. After sixty four years of service under more favorable circumstances we are still reporting the same number of stations. From the beginning there was a lack of interest and support which led soon to a policy of restriction and retrenchment and at one time to the serious consideration of the abandonment of the entire work. In pursuance of this policy Bolenge, Mukimvika, Matadi, Tshumbiri, and Tondo have been given up, or transferred to other societies, after fundamental foundation work had been done at the expense of money and of life.

However, when we consider the short time and few

(*continued on page 31*)

THE EARLY YEARS

(Letter, and excerpts from Mrs. Frederickson's Diary — 1887-1889.)

"In March 1887, a missionary from Belgian Congo, Africa, came to the town where I taught school, in Norway, to speak of his mission field work of five years. Some in the church wept when they heard of the cruelty of witchcraft, the ignorance and superstition, even cannibalism in Congo. Every day he showed the curios. Before Mr. Frederickson left he asked me to marry him and go to Africa as a missionary. This was so unexpected that I said, "Do not think of it any more." Next morning we saw him off for England. I prayed God to let him repeat his proposal in a letter and I would say "Yes". He did and I said "Yes".

"We were married May 25, 1887 in a Baptist Church in London. My husband had spent six months in a London hospital. June 1st, we left for Congo on the S.S. Gaboon. I was the only lady on board after the stewardess left at Canary Islands. We were on board for five and a half weeks, then reached Banana July 8th. We took the S.S. Prince Baudouin to Tundua, (the landing place near Matadi), reaching there July 20th. Next day we took porters who carried me to Palabala, and arrived there a little past noon.

"My husband took charge of the evangelistic and medical work and I asked Miss Fleming for a class in reading in Kikongo, she looked amused and thought I meant an English reading class, but I wanted a class who could read Kikongo so I could get a perfect pronunciation.

"The missionaries at Palabala went out daily, like their Master with his disciples, making friends in all the surrounding towns, learning their language, helping their sick and comforting the sorrowing. At first only a few would accept the invitation to attend our worship services on the station; some would come for medical help and to sell food or buy things and since there was no money we used barter goods to pay wages and buy food.

"It would not seem strange if witch-doctors tried to poison missionaries, since those so-called doctors were fast losing their jobs, and they must blame some people for the death of so important a chief as Mfumu Noso, who had just died. While the deceased chief was lying in state, at least twelve natives died, apparently poisoned by the witch doctor. One of the school boys on the station, the chief-to-be, died suddenly in spite of every care given him. One of the chief's widows was killed. Then all the missionaries were taken ill, but fortunately all recovered.

"Slavery was still in force and often children were kidnapped and then that village would go and fight the other town to recover the child. Then the women would take refuge with us, carrying their children and baskets with their hoes, pots and water bottles. They begged us to be permitted to sleep in our cook-houses till the fight would be over. It was one way we could help them.

"One day we called on the people in the nearest town. We found one of our nice woman friends "made fast in the block". I had often called at her home for she was sick a long time. It was probably sleeping-sickness, and now she had lost her mind, although she was quiet. She was the favorite wife of her husband, but Africans believe that when sickness comes, an evil spirit has entered to destroy the body. Her pretty mute face was full of sadness and fear. We could only help her with food and medicines, and give her a bit of love, which she appreciated much. We believe they tried to starve her; in Congo this is the way of kindness. Her body was thrown down into a ravine, without our knowledge, because she was believed to be a witch. Very old and feeble people were released from life in this way!

"There has been an exciting palaver on the station to-day, caused by the anger of a chief's wife who also is a great witch-doctor, whose slave was converted and baptized. She was furious and threatened to kill him and she became more violent when he, without fear said. "That is alright with me, *Tata*". It is heart rending to witness such scenes, these Africans are brutal and their voices loud, but we find that this is

sometimes mostly noise. They first tried to get my husband to take part against the slave ..... they were arguing with Mr. Lewis ..... one of them struck the steps in great anger,.... then Mrs. Clark came out, carrying baby Gordon, calmly walking back and forth. It seemed as though those hard men feared to trespass ..... they all went away fairly quietly.

"One day we heard shooting, first one shot, then another, and then we knew that they again had a petty war, and shots were fired incessantly, we saw the flashing of guns fifty yards away from our station. Nkiangala town was at war with Kitulento, which town had the help of chief Noso, of Palabala.

"New missionaries usually had a fever on arrival. We had no screened doors and windows, but used mosquito nets over our beds. All the Africans had malaria, so we were always exposed to the fever. No doctor knew then that the anopheles mosquito carried the malaria germs, but we took quinine daily.

"The church at Palabala is having experiences like churches described in the Acts of the Apostles. They had been taught last year to be "glad givers" The Lord had added to the church those who believed, but there were also things that made our hearts sad. One day, on our visit to a town, we saw a young convert who had confessed Christ as his Saviour, go through some ceremonies inside the enclosure of Nkimba (secret society). As the number of Christian followers grew, each one became a light shining for others around them, and the Nkimba societies lost attraction.

"The people here are friendly and the preacher-teachers are at work as leaders among all these new christians. The church can seat four to five hundred people. On Sundays nearly every seat is filled at both services. A number of church members from the Great Awakening in 1886 are co-operating and the word of God draws souls out continually from darkness into the light of God. Quite a group of Christian women are coming to a weekly Bible study with me in the dining room. Mr. Frederickson went out preaching in forty villages in this district and many heard the gospel. A few walk three and a half hours to be examined for baptism. There are three outposts and three evangelists, one of the outposts is self-supporting.

SONA BATA FORTY YEARS AGO

P. A. MacDiarmid

"Kifwa, Sept. 19, 1906 - One week from the time we left Lukunga we arrived at Kifwa which is the largest field, territorialy, that the A.B.M.U.* has in Congo. Our missionaries here have an oversight of 1700 Christians, 500 orphans, and more than 100 evangelists and teachers, scattered over a district several days' journey in length. The last evangelist sent out went to a cannibal tribe that has not yet heard the Gospel. I have thus far had no fever and am enjoying good health, thanks to the Lord and to three grains of quinine daily.

"Kifwa, Congo, Jan. 31, 1907 - Mr. Bain and I have been away for about a week, measuring land about sixteen miles from here. The missionaries had tried to get land from the Government in exchange for our site at Kifwa but for several years were unsuccessful. Mr. Frederickson then made the proposal that the State exchange for land nine miles from Madimba at a place called Nsona Mbata. No reply was heard to this until recently when we began to make plans to build on two acres bought from a Belgian trader at Madimba. Now, it seems, the State is prepared to give us land at Nsona Mbata equal to the thirty acres in the Kifwa site.

"A week ago Mr. Bain and I, with 15 school boys carrying small loads, went to the site spoken of and mapped out a block for the Mission 500 metres long and 240 wide, approximately thirty acres, which will be much better than two that we would have at Madimba.

There is a good place for the station on the hill-top overlooking the railway and I think it will be a healthful spot. There is stone in the valleys not far away that can be used for pillars for the houses and I believe there is durable timber also.

* *American Baptist Missionary Union—former name of our Society*

Here we have no ancient system of religion or philosophy to deal with so the missionaries and native evangelists preach very much as do pastors at home, only the message must be very simple. The difficulty is that they do not see sin to be anything very terrible; the moral sense is so blunted by centuries without the Light that they do not get a true conception of God's righteousness and their own sinfulness. It is when men and women come out into the clear light of God's presence and measure their lives up alongside the perfect life of the Lord Jesus that they get an adequate idea of how far they fall short. Missionaries say that they have never seen the people weep over their sins.

Another reason why many do not accept Christ is that it is compulsory to give up the drinking of palm wine before coming into the Church. And, in the case of polygamous husbands all but the first wife must be given up. A great many of the problems confronting missionaries are brought about by native marriage customs.

"Nsona Mbata, Congo Free State, Oct. 21, 1907 — I have now spent over a year in this country, months that seemed long because of the many new and strange experiences, but in another way short, because of the small amount of work that seemed to be accomplished. I am beginning to feel more in touch with my surroundings and so can appreciate the greenness of the newcomer. At a missionary Conference at Stanley Pool recently, a young man just out from Glasgow sat beside me at the tea-table. During the course of the meal he pointed, in all innocency to a white moth on the table and queried, "Is that a mosquito?" The mouthful of food I had just taken almost met with a catastrophe, but I got control of myself and assured him that the beast would not bite. Probably he had heard so much about the dire results of the mosquito-bite that he was prepared to see almost anything, ranging in size from a moth to an elephant, as the dreadful mosquito.

"Most people at home think of the missionary as the most impractical person, a being so engrossed with spiritual things that the temporal do not find much time in his life. But stones and cement, wood and nails are quite material, and

these have occupied more time in our thoughts than we would wish. They are likely to do so for some time to come for we plan to build a church, a school for the children and another for the training of native evangelists, a dispensary and probably a small hospital building. Our thought at present is to have the boys on the station make the brick as part of their training and import only such material as is really necessary."

(*The above is taken from Mr. MacDiarmid's Diary*)

Sona Bata as we remember it in 1943 had changed much from its appearance in those first years. On the material side there are the six brick residences for missionaries and the many brick buildings to house the activities of church, school and hospital. On the spiritual foundations laid by such pioneers as the Fredericksons and the Bains, others built until the church work of the Sona Bata field crossed the Kwango and the Kikongo station had to be opened for that area and later came the urgency for a station among the Bayakas that we are seeing fulfilled now. In this widespread acceptance of the Gospel, Thomas Moody, with his flaming zeal for evangelism, played an important part.

After our marriage in 1911, Mrs. MacDiarmid came to Congo and not only witnessed but was an active participant in much of the progress made in educational work and work among Congo women. In the educational field we saw a great advance during those years, much of the impetus coming from the native pastors who greatly helped the educational missionaries in the formation of regional schools, so that now there is a graded course from the village schools through the regional school, and for selected pupils on through the station Boarding School to advanced training for teachers and pastors at Kimpese and for Medical workers at the Mission Medical School at Sona Bata.

If I continued the story of those earlier years it would tell something of the advance made in the medical work too. For instance it would speak of Mrs. Frederickson and a lanky Congo lad dispensing medicine from a cupboard on the

back veranda of the Frederickson house at Kifwa; it would go on to tell of the building of a frame dispensary at Sona Bata, then later two brick wards in the present hospital and the formation of the Mission Medical School, one of two Protestant medical schools recognized by the State. And the lad who sold from the veranda of a house dropping the brass rods received for sales into a slot in an upturned Morton food box, went on to work in the hospital at Sona Bata and finally completed the course in the Medical School. By his witness in word and deed Timothy Mfiengi won many to Christ.

If I went on to recount the names of the devoted missionaries who were our colleagues during those years, of the pastors, teachers, and medical workers who brought so much of sacrificial love to the altar of their Lord would sound like a continuation of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Their names will surely be found in the Book of Life.

At each of our Vanga churches this year a service of thanksgiving was held in connection with the Christmas celebration. For the past three years the churches have been bringing a Christmas offering which is sent to some other land where there is a need. It is our foreign missions program. The first year we sent about seventy-five dollars as a memorial to the missionaries who gave their lives in the Phillipines. Last year our offering amounted to almost two hundred dollars, and was sent to China where it is being used to help rebuild a church in one of the large centers. This year our Christmas gifts totalling more than four hundred dollars will be sent to India.

Four hundred dollars—a five hundred percent increase in foreign missions giving in three years. Can you report that? It is not a big sum in the eyes of the world, but in the eyes of Congo natives it is truly a great gift. A large percentage of our people receive salaries of perhaps two or three dollars a month. — *Margaret Jump.*

AFTER FORTY YEARS

LEONARD GITTINGS

As I have read the foregoing account of the beginnings of the work here at Sona Bata, my mind has been stirred at the thought of the progress that has been made. From this center of Christian influence with its 100 buildings scattered across the mission hill a steady and wide stream of blessing goes out into some ten thousand square miles of rugged country. Seven rural dispensaries minister to the sick, and an equal number of regional schools take older students on into the privileges and liberties of further education. In almost 300 villages teacher-evangelists instruct young converts, give them their first simple education, lay the foundations of Christian character in hundreds of young lives. At forty eight main church centers the churches have erected their own church buildings and schools, most of them solid brick structures, so that evangelistic and educational influences may reach into the surrounding countryside. During the past year we have again baptized one thousand new converts, making a total of two thousand for the period of June 1946 to December 1947. And this, despite the fact that more than double this number were examined and many advised to continue under further instruction. Some 3,000 inquirers are still in the villages, besides a church membership of over 8,000. In our medical school young men and women have been trained to minister to the suffering among their own people. This is truly ministry in His name.

Yes, the labors of these forty years have not been in vain. The seed sown from early years has already borne a harvest; the foundations laid by those who were determined to build for Christ in the Sona Bata area have an impressive super structure upon them. Through church, school and hospital the hand of the Savior of men has reached out to save, uplift and heal.

THE HENRY REED

PAUL C. METZGER

With trepidation but triumphant faith the first permanent pioneer missionaries disembarked on the sand spit of Banana while the brown waters of 10,000 miles of navigable rivers rushed by into the Atlantic. Little man, with overpowering faith in his almighty God who had created it all and at whose command he stood there, saying in his heart, Congo for Christ. It was February 1878, only six months after Henry M. Stanley looked upon the same scene after the greatest history making land journey the world has known.

About the same time the Spirit of God was speaking to a man of like precious faith, along with his good wife in Tasmania, laying the burden of the Congo basin upon their hearts. In response, they rejoiced to give a steamer for the Congo, including transportation and reassemblage above the cataracts. The total amounted to about $20,000. As a memorial to the giver, it was named the Henry Reed.

This joyous news came to Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness in the summer of 1881. Immediately the Reed was planned and built in London. As the boat must be carried from Matadi to Leopoldville over the 250 miles of rugged cataract region, no part could weigh over 65 lbs. This entailed special ingenious design of boiler, engines, and paddle wheel, but with considerable sacrifice to good engineering. Originally it was to have been but 55′ long, almost sinking the heavy stern; so a 15′ hold was added giving more cargo space which proved to be a great blessing. Thus she was 71′long, 10′6″ wide, and 3′2″ deep in hull. The hull was of steel, the cabin and awning of Indian teek wood with painted canvas covering. The 18′cabin accommodated four passengers, but five more have slept on top under the awning. It was indeed comfortable however after travel on caravan route. Her bow could capsize canoes and brass wire arrow guards were provided to protect the captain and engineer

midship. Neither were ever used or needed. She carried eight tons of cargo by weight, but wood fuel, 20 crew members, passengers and their servants completed the unwieldy load. She could make 8 to 10 miles with good wood. She was a pretty little boat and a joy to most passengers. The captain's wife called her his second wife. Yes, she demanded and received much attention. Dr. Sims claimed all mission boats were a luxury. He was a bachelor.

The porterage and reconstruction were herculean tasks. Mr. Billington who had been at home during her building had charge in Congo. A young assistant died enroute. There were 500 loads but all missionaries on the caravan road gave hearty assistance. Several small heavy boxs were dumped in the grass but the headache was the boiler's tube plate and head. They must be rolled and that over hills and rocky terrain. Missionaries again and again must turn back to retrieve them. However God watched over his own for only one box of spare parts was lost.

The Reed was reassembled under the grass shed used by the B.M.S. for the construction of the Peace six months earlier. This was on the present Chanic (a shipbuilding Co.) beach near the cataracts. As the river rose earlier than expected they were unable to complete it under cover so launched her Nov. 25,1884. The finish was given at our own A.B.F.M.S. beach. The trial trips must have been thrilling, especially past the clump of rock high out of the water as one leaves the protective bay into the full flood of the mighty Congo, within sight and sound of the cataracts less than a mile away, the current shooting past the end of this reef at 6-8 miles an hour. One hugs them closely, easily touching them with a paddle, for later steamers have been swept into the hungry jaws of the monster below when getting out too far as you make the turn. For years a convoy was provided by the government at this point but about 1922 the port was moved to safer waters some miles up river.

The maiden trip with Captain Billington in charge was made to Wangata (now Bolenge a Disciples' Mission Station) in Jan. 1885. This station 500 miles above the cataracts the

first to be established above Leo, was pioneered by Messers Eddie and Petterson in 1883, rowing up in the Reed's 25'steel boat. You can imagine their joy at the sight of smoke, then the sound of the whistle as their hope of the year was realized with their own Henry Reed coming into view around the point. Now the gospel would have free course in the villages of these unlimited waters, bringing light and eternal life to Congo's millions who had through the ages lived in darkness, sin, and superstition; and that they might know Him who through death had delivered them who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage.

The Henry Reed has a long and notable career; carrying passengers and cargo to our own and other mission stations; aiding in establishing Bolenge, Irebu, Tshumbiri, Ikoko, (now Tondo) and later Vanga of our own mission; assisting the C.B.M. to establish their work and loaning the Reed to them on a number of occasions; giving help to the D.C.C.M. in their early endeavors; doing extensive exploration and making known to the board the possibilities of this extensive field, even as late as 1910-1912; but above all carrying the blessed gospel of our Saviour by word and deed into thousands of villages along the Congo and its many tributaries. Other general contributions it has also made; for the Emin Pasha expedition, the Reed carried Tippoo Tip to Stanley Falls where he was governor, to stop the slave trade; British and American governments had the use of the Reed for work of their consuls; and it has been the good Samaritan on many occasions carrying sick to medical aid and doctors to those in dire need.

In 1902-1903 the conference wished to dispose of the Reed because of lack of staff, also as service for cargo and passengers was available else-where. The board feared that such a move would preclude the extension of our work hence funds were appropriated and staff increased to make possible the reconditioning of our twenty years old faithful Henry Reed. This work was done in 1906-1907; refitting boiler, and engine with new parts, providing a new steel deck also many new plates on bottom, the cabin was rebuilt and all put into ship shape.

There was shouting and great joy at Tshumbiri, when all dressed up it made its new trial trip. She performed useful and noble service in the years following. But after the board adopted the policy of intensive development as against extensive, with no new stations to be permitted anywhere, our conference felt it wise to sell her. So she was sold to Emil Delcommune in 1916 to be used to transport produce and food thus aiding in war effort. It served for transport on the small rivers until 1930. But during the depression she was anchored in Stanley Pool along with many other steamers. In a hurricane late in 1930 she was sunk, but as the underwriters did not believe it would be profitable to salvage her she rested in her watery grave only four miles from the place of her birth in Congo. Thus after an honorable career of 46 years a devoted servant of our Master came to rest.

When she was built no London underwriter would take the risk of insuring her. But at the time it was said: "We could only pray God Himself to guard her in the hour of peril, and remember with comfort that storm and tempest, rock and rapids, shoal and sandbank, driftwood and hippopotimi, inexperienced management and native want of skill-all would be powerless to injure, as He would shield the vessel dedicated to His service." As the last of the inexperienced management the writer testifies that through all the trials above enumerated, and there were many more, the Henry Reed passed triumphant. The prayers of the noble band on the Thames and the daily morning and evening prayers in Congo had been answered. That which the underwriters rejected our Lord and Christ watched and insured as His very own. As those who love Him, who never slumbers or sleeps, and who manifested His grace to those on Congo's banks may we lift our voices and hearts in praise and devotion for His infinite mercies. The triumphant faith of those early pioneers and ye the latter as well, has become a Faith Triumphant as Congo is continuing to be won to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A worthy memorial, Henry Reed of like precious faith.

SERVING AFRICA STILL

DR. CATHERINE L. MABIE

Eleven months quickly passed between my arrival in Congo in June 1946 and departure in May 1947. They were filled with interesting experiences and I trust worthwhile service. First of all I had the pleasure of attending our own conference and then the West African General Conference, at which were assembled missionaries, native leaders and visitors from the sending countries. For ten days they consulted and worked together toward common policies and unified plans for missionary service in this great block of west-central Africa. How different were the beginnings of missionary work in this section of Africa when each mission station was a law unto itself and co-operation even between stations in the same mission, not to mention inter-mission cooperation, was rare. Very great progress has been made in Belgian Congo in inter-mission cooperation. Most of the missions are within the rather loose, but very real cooperative ventures of the Congo Protestant Council whose latest venture is a Union Book Shop and publishing house. A splendid, new, commodious building is nearly finished at Leopoldville to house both these projects. A union hospital for the care of both white and brown patients is on the horizon for the training of native nurses and doctors' assistants, to be located in the Lower Congo, probably in the vicinity of Kimpese's school for the training of pastors and school teachers. Our own mission has the school at Sona Bata for the training of nurses and doctors' assistants which will be merged in this new greater venture in medical education. It is envisioned that this will be a school in a future university into which will also be merged the Kimpese institution and others yet to be born.

Late in July I travelled with Mr. and Mrs. Bubeck and Miss Shepard to Moanza. It was a hard trip by auto travel over washboard roads and steep, narrow mountain

roads. We were four days en route. I had never seen Moanza. It is in a rather inaccessible location, a well built station in a backward section needing the gospel of the grace of God, also much health instruction, agricultural instruction, in fact instruction in all the arts of living. A doctor is needed there who could spend part of the time at Kikongo, not too difficult to reach with a car. A new station will soon be opened in the Bayaka country between Moanza and Kikongo, Then a doctor could serve all three stations. The doctor located at Vanga has for some years tried to serve all three Kwango stations. It is far too much to ask of any doctor. May the Lord call some doctors at home to offer themselves for service out here. In bygone days we have had a fair number of doctors many of whom have given themselves in truly disinterested, self-sacrificing life-time service for the sake of this people, so superstitious and poor in physical health and darkened in mind. The Christian physician has great opportunities for disinterested Christlike service out here still and will have for a long time to come.

While at Vanga I attended a native conference at which were delegated members, brown and white, from all our stations. They drew up plans and a preliminary constitution for their future guidance. It was an historic gathering, which it was a privilege to attend. The Congo church is growing toward maturity. Several members were women who took an active part in the deliberations. The conference will meet with the missionary conference every other year, and will hold sectional meetings comparable with the Mission Reference Committee, on intervening years. They have assumed a considerable part of the expense involved therein.

I spent two weeks at Banza Manteke, where I spent the first thirteen years of service in this land. I visited the old hill-top, deserted station, where still stands the old church given by Dr. A.J. Gordon's church, The Clarendon Street Church, of Boston, before my arrival in the field in July 1898. It was well filled with folks from all the region round about, eager to greet me once again. It was really pathetic when some of the old women whom I had cared for professionally in

the bygone days came and knelt clasping my feet, tears of joy upon their cheeks. Some of the old pastors whom I had taught in the classes for evangelists in the early days, white haired like myself, still faithfully carrying on, were equally happy to greet me once more.

Following my Banza Manteke visit I spent two weeks at Kimpese where the last thirty years of my Congo service were happily spent. I saw mostly new faces, both on faculty and in student body. The school is growing rapidly in numbers. Timotio Vingadio* is still a valued member of the staff. He had just received government recognition and had a medal pinned on his breast for more than thirty years of service in missionary work. Mr. Morrish, Principal of the school, made a great celebration in his honor. Happily I was there to participate. I spoke of how he came to our first boarding school at Banza Manteke in 1899, a little boy, afraid because he had been told that we were not really truly people at all but spirits of their dead ancestors, taken to America and returned as ghosts to entrap them and cause their deaths and removal to our land; how he came to understand and became a Christian pastor, developed a fine Christian church and community in a dark, purely heathen district within a dozen or fifteen years then came to Kimpese for further training and became a member of the Kimpese staff twenty five years ago. While there I dug into stories of his father and mother and as far as possible into the lives of his grand-parents. And truly the digging brought up dark and awful continuous dealings with malign spirits, witchcraft, etc. This people needed desperately the light of the Gospel of grace shining from the face of Jesus Christ.

**See C.N.L. for Jan. 1948 for short biography of Timotio Vingadio.*

"And when they came to the place which is called the skull there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left. And Jesus said, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do".—*Luke 23: 33, 34.*

SAMUEL MPAMBU, A BOND SLAVE OF JESUS CHRIST

T. E. Bubeck

To begin by saying that Samuel Mpambu began his life as a slave is not startling. But to add that he was sold into slavery by his father is a sad index to his early family life.

He grew up in Kingoyo (near Sona Bata) where as a young man he narrowly escaped being seized and sent off to be a soldier. He was seized, as a matter of fact, and escaped like—who was it, John Mark who fled naked "leaving his outer garment"? He hid in the bush for some days until this new danger had passed.

It was here at Kingoyo that *Mama* and *Tata* Hill first met him. He asked to be taken into their employ as carrier so that he might learn "off hours" to read and write. (What if they had refused!) Thus he earned his A.B.C. degree and there he caught the spirit that made him as Dr. Lerrigo describes, "the first foreign missionary from the lower Congo.

In 1913, as a young man of about thirty, he was asked to go with *Tata* Moody to open up the new station at Moanza in the Kwango area. Illness prevented him from going with Mr. Moody, but he was to follow on when able. The road led him through wild country where cannibal tribes afforded a new hazard. The six carriers who were with him, in fear dropped their loads and ran leaving Mpambu alone—and yet not alone. He tells how the chief and the people came out to seize him and do with him as they had done with so many others. But the Lord had other plans. As he sat on his loads reading, "Pilgrim's Progress" (How appropriate a book!) he faced them and said, "If you kill me my God will punish you." They were evidently filled with a sense of fear and not only let him go, but offered carriers to get him out of the area. To say that he was glad to

arrive at Moanza and glad to see Mr. Moody is putting it lightly.

He was left at Moanza to carry on alone—and yet not alone—for ten years. Providentially he was then joined by his spiritual parents who had led him to Christ and had given him his early training. There they had the joy of working together for five fruitful years.

There would be little purpose in speaking of the hardships which Samuel Mpambu endured during those early years at Moanza nor would it make the picture any more colorful to relate the frequent attempts made upon his life, not by those whom he was trying to help but those who were jealous of his singular success. But the picture would not be complete without a word about *Mama* Lena, his wife who stayed with him and encouraged him in those early trying experiences. Nor would the picture be complete without a word regarding his children who saw in him something (better still Someone), which a Christ-less society had not brought. The oldest boy is today a graduate of the medical school at Sona Bata and is in charge of the medical work at Moanza under the supervision of one of our missionaries. Another son is at Kimpese, seminary and normal school of three associated missions in the lower Congo.

Distortion is one of the besetting dangers of any biographical sketch. Mpambu was never the center of the picture but desired to be only a frame, nor did the frame ever become too large for the picture. It was a case of a slave set free who surrenderd himself to his Redeemer as His voluntary slave. Although the writer has known and worked with him at Moanza for four years he has never known him to bring any other message than that of redeeming love, a slave. He gently slipped away to his Master in 1933. He will return with Him some day, perhaps sooner than we think.

"And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy Kingdom. And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise". — *Luke 23:42,43:*

SOME OUTSTANDING MISSION CHILDREN

In 1889 Mr. Joseph Clark sent LENA VUNGA WHITMAN to Scotland and in 1891 she went to Spelman, she was 18 yrs. old. She graduated in 1895 from the Missionary Training Course and returned to Africa in July 1895, and was stationed at Ikoko with the Clarks, then went to Scotland and studied from 1900-1903 when she returned to Congo and married Rev. C. Whitman, a missionary. In U.S. later on they worked among the Indians and in 1911 they were sent to Nigeria by the United Soudan Mission of England. Lena was a linguist, and here on the Soudan she did her outstanding work. She reduced the Jukun dialect to writing and had published several Bible stories and the Gospel of Luke in the Jukun language. She died in March 1920.

* * *

MARGARET NKEBANI RATTRAY was ransomed in 1885 by Mr. Frederickson, she was then about six years of age and was sent to Mrs. Joseph Clark at Palabala. In 1889 she went with Lena to Spelman. Maggie spent nine years there and in 1900 returned to Africa going to Ikoko as a Bible woman. She has continued through the years to help with women's work and the girls' boarding school at Tondo where the mission moved across the lake from Ikoko. She has her house on one of the main paths of the station and she is a friend to the many people passing by. Many go to her for help and advice. On March 1, 1948 Maggie received her second medal for the long years of service.

* * *

EMMA YONGBLOED is a native of the Congo. Her father took her to the mission station, Palabala, when she was 7 years old, and was in the care of Miss Nora Gordon. The Congo Mission Circle at Spelman helped to support her. In 1893 Miss Gordon brought her to Spelman to be educated. She graduated from high school in 1906 and as she planned to

return to Africa with her sister, Suluka, she became a trained nurse, graduating from Hubbard Hospital in 1911. She married Dr. Andrew H. Logan, a dentist in 1914 and stayed in the U.S.A. taking active part in church and community work.

* * *

SULUKA YONGBLOED is a native of the Congo. She was also taken to the mission at Palabala. In 1889 she was brought to U.S. by a missionary and was placed in Wayland Seminary, but circumstances were such that she was shifted from one place to another until in 1900 she went to Spelman. Suluka graduated from high school in 1903 and as she planned to return to Africa as a medical missionary, she continued her studies at Meharry Medical College from which she received her M.D. degree in 1910 That fall she married Dr. William A. Holmes and besides rearing a family of children, she assisted her husband in his work. Dr. Suluka was the *first African girl* to graduate as a medical doctor.

* * *

FRANK TEVA CLARK,* was a school boy at Palabala. His father was a man of considerable position in their tribe, being an official under the chief of the tribe. The son had the advantage of special and personal training from the missionaries, especially Rev. Joseph Clark, whose name he took. After three years in England, Frank returned to the Congo in January 1893. He went with Rev. and Mrs. Clark to Tondo, where he is at present still active in the work of the church. On March 1, 1948, Frank received his second medal from the Congo government for his long years of service.

* * *

VINDA BILADOA was another school boy from Palabala who went with Mr. and Mrs. Clark to Ikoko and was a faithful helper together with Frank Clark. He also asked to go as a foreign missionary to the cannibal tribes near Ikoko. He said, "I was so anxious to go Mr. Clark could not refuse me, so I went with him." He was greatly missed as a leader when he died in 1918.

* *See C.N.L. for Jan. 1948 for letter written by Frank.*

SECOND GENERATION CHRISTIANS

M. Bubeck

There were many hundreds on the station for a gathering of the church members. This particular moonlight night the women of the Moanza field had a meeting of their own on the veranda of one of our houses. The victrola had been played and many expressed their appreciation with "thank yous." After a short message on "Gratitude", the meeting was turned over for testimonies.

Elizabeth, one of our women, got up and told the story of the ten lepers, how of the ten only one returned to thank the Lord Jesus for his cleansing, whereupon she likened herself to this one for she didn't want to be numbred among the nine who did not thank the Lord for saving her from witchcraft and slavery.

She had always been a leader among her people and at this time she was the wife of one of the pastors in the field. While still a child she had been brought to the mission station by Samuel Mpambu who was then in charge of the Moanza field. She was among the first to attend school on the station and while there she was sold into slavery because of a debt of one hundred and fifty francs. Immediately upon hearing it Samuel Mpambu paid the sum himself to redeem her. This led to a closer contact with the family as a result of which one of the sisters, and mother, also became christians. It is no wonder that Elizabeth was so grateful. To-day we are grateful as we see her son also a christian and we see the fruits of the labor of the first missionaries to the Moanza field in the second generation christians We have in our school to-day one hundred and fifty two boys and thirty seven girls of which seventy are second generation christians, having either one or more parent a christian. It has been a long time to wait to see these results but the seed faithfully sown is bearing fruit.

A DAY OF GLORY TO GOD

MARGARET JUMP

Easter dawn found Vanga-ites gathered on the hillside above the river in front of the empty tomb singing, "Up from the grave He arose." Two angels stood in front of the tomb. And as we sang, the early morning fog rose from the river just as the fog of sorrow and doubt must have risen from the hearts of those who loved Jesus when they knew that He was alive again.

The young man who preached for us had a simple but inspiring message. He told us this was our day of rejoicing. For several days the enemies of Jesus had been rejoicing because they had destroyed Him, but now we friends of Jesus could rejoice because He was alive again. And he closed his message with this thought. The women when they heard the good news went to tell others. Let us be like them. Let us forget our selves today and go to tell the good news to our friends. Christ is no longer in this tomb, He is alive. If you believe it, then tell it.

We had planned a service for Easter. Doris Wiseman has some beautiful felt-ograph pictures of the Easter scene which we used. We worked hard for several weeks preparing special musical numbers. Doctor Osterholm had promised to sing, "Open the Gates of the Temple" in English, but Mrs. Smith translated it into Kikongo. We almost missed hearing it though for just as we were ready to begin the service one of the nurses came - an emergency at the hospital. So Doctor Osterholm sang his solo and then hurried to the hospital. The music was a fitting beginning for our service, for as he sang to us, "Open your hearts o ye people that Jesus may enter today", we did just that, and the Living Christ entered and blessed us.

Then as we sang, "Break Thou the Bread of Life," Doris put the picture of the Last Supper on the board. This was followed by a picture of Christ in Gethsemene. But the pic-

ture that impressed itself most vividly in our hearts was the one of the Crucifixion. As our teachers and nurses sang a French hymn, "Come and see Calvary. See what Christ is suffering for you", we realized again that it was for us that He was hanging there. And we realized His great love and our own unworthiness anew.

But thank God, our service didn't end at Calvary. For there was still another picture - Resurrection Morn, and there were songs of triumph. A choir of our school girls and boys sang, "Wonderful Grace of Jesus, greater than all my sin," and they sang it from the depths of their hearts. Then our pastor stood up and spoke a few words. We had read the story from the Scriptures and we were afraid that perhaps the words of another person might be an anti-climax, but it wasn't just Kotho speaking - it was the Holy Spirit speaking through him.

And then our boys and girls sang, "I Serve a Risen Saviour." And as that wonderful chorus, "He lives, He lives. Christ Jesus lives today. You ask me how I know He lives. He lives within my heart", swelled from their throats the whole congregation was stirred. When they had finished Pastor Kotho spoke again, "Do you know this in your own heart? Does Christ Jesus really live tnere? If He does, stand and sing the chorus with us." And with one accord the people stood. It wasn't a hesitant rising or looking around to see who else was standing. The whole church full of people rose to their feet and the wonderful words, "He lives within my heart," rang out over the whole station.

The people who sang them may make mistakes as they try to follow Christ. Perhaps some of them will fall by the way, but on Easter Day they knew that Christ lives, that He lives in the hearts of His people. And for most of them that chorus will continue to echo in their hearts.

One of the boys came to Miss Wiseman after the service and said, "Oh, truly Mama, today is a day of Glory to God." And we know that he was right.

NEWS ITEMS

SONA BATA — It was a pleasure to have with us recently a delegation from the Danish Baptist Mission who found here much to interest them because of the part the Danish Baptists took in the early work of the Sona Bata field which was opened in 1890.

World Day of Prayer service was well attended with many Congo women taking part. The dignity and poise with which this was done make one realize anew the strides these women have made and their future possibilities.

Vendla Anderson and Jean Luckey have just completed a three weeks' itinerary visiting the seven regional schools and holding evangelistic services. Wherever they went they received an enthusiastic reception. Much interest is being shown amongst the children of the villages.

It was a shock to receive a telegram two days after the Gittings and Tuttle children returned to school saying that Ruth Tuttle was seriously ill with hematuria. Groups of Congolese large and small began to gather in prayer meetings praying that if it be His will, Ruth might recover. With a faith very characteristic of our leaders, the hospital head nurse came toward noon with this comforting message, "We have the assurance that Ruth is going to get well". Ruth's quick recovery was indeed miraculous and to Him we give the praise.

What is our loss is others gain. It is thus we feel in the transfer of the Gittings family and Dr. Austin from Sona Bata to Vanga. They have been abundantly used during their time of service here and we know they carry that same spirit with them to their new field. — *Jeannette Tuttle*

LEOPOLDVILLE — Seven children were in West Leopoldville recently en route to school at Lubondai. We were happy to see these children again — most of them born and raised in the Congo. Several of our colleagues from Sona Bata, Kimpese, and Banza Manteke have visited us recently. We are always

glad to see our friends. Dr. Osterholm was here on his way home to Portland, Oregon. We wish him God's richest blessing during his furlough. The Congo Protestant Council have been in conference for a week. It has been inspiring to meet christian friends from seven different countries, but one in spirit and purpose, to make Christ known in Congo.

Our women's Day of Prayer meeting was very well attended. At 8 o'clock our chapel was full and the spirit in the service was one of quiet reverence. Our hearts were touched to hear the sweet voice of Marie Lubelo as she sang "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind".

An English service was held in East Leopoldville. Here, English speaking African women from the West Coast joined the European and American women for the Women's Day of Prayer meeting. A third serviee was held at Ngombe village in the afternoon. That same week end Rev. and Mrs. Boone held seven services in Ngombe and surrounding villages proclaiming the good news of salvation. — *Linda Watkins.*

KIMPESE — This year is the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Kimpese. Great changes have taken place in these forty years, at the end of the first year there were 19 men and 14 women, wives of the men, and this year there are 119 men students and 108 wives. There are very few schools of this kind in Congo, so Kimpese attracts frequent visitors passing between Leopoldville and Matadi by train or by car. There is great zeal on the part of the students to learn and the discipline of routine study and outside work is excellent training for these African leaders.

VANGA — The biggest event at Vanga is the arrival of our new doctor, Dr. Jean Austin and the Gittings family. They found a warm welcome awaiting them at Vanga and have already found a place in our hearts. We do praise God for these reinforcements. Dr. Osterholm had a fruitful term of service and is looking forward to being with his family again after a long separation. He has almost completed the new maternity ward and now he is on his way home, having sailed from Matadi February 27.

IN PLEASANT PLACES

JEAN LEE LUCKEY

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." *Psalm 16:6.* This and similar thoughts filled my mind as our ship moved thru the muddy waters of the Congo River to Matadi. Thoughts of Congo have occupied my mind for a long time. I have often tried to picture what this great country would be like, but with little success. At last, on Christmas day my heart was singing, not only the song of the angels, but "this is the place the Lord has prepared for you." What a Christmas it was, to finally see with my own eyes the beauties of Congo, to actually set my feet on the soil of Congo! The wonder did not cease after I reached Matadi. As I covered the last lap of the journey by train my eyes strained to catch every detail of the passing country-side. I wish I might paint a picture of those first impressions — rolling hills, deep valleys, a variety of palm trees, vivid flowers, glimpses of the turbulent Congo River, scattered villages and frequent groups of Congolese children and men and women staring curiously at our train.

Arrival at Sona Bata caused my heart to sing more than ever. It has seemed so natural to fit into life here. The conviction is growing daily that there is a place for me here, a job that I can do with His help. At present the days are filled with language study. I have even had to learn to count again, and relearn the books of the Bible, in order to use the new language! The school children and church people seem to delight in teaching me at every opportunity. If all language study could be like this it would be sheer joy. In spite of language barriers there are many opportunities to share in the mission work. However, I look forward to the day when I can speak and understand the language of our people. An itinerary among the villages of our district which we will begin in a few days will do much to help me in this way, as well as give a real taste of

missionary life at its best. Yes, I find myself in very pleasant places, and the heritage of a new member joining the missionary fellowship is indeed a rich one.

Long ages came and went,
And sick with hope deferred,
The Church's voice grew faint; she seemed
Unnoticed and unheard.
At length to her a Child was born,
At length a Son was given;
The day spring broke on earth,
The love came down from heaven.

Long years have come and gone,
And, with uplifted eye,
The Church, with calm and silent hope,
Has watched the eastern sky.
At length the voice shall yet be heard,
With which all earth shall ring:
Lo, this is God, our God,
This the long-promised King.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

(*continued from page 4*)

workers and difficulties which had to be met and overcome we must realize that the Congo Mission is a marvel and a momument to Christian Missions. Miracles of redemption unsurpassed have been performed by the Christ in Congo on rudest barbarians, ignorant degraded savages, thousands of whom may now be seen living in accord with the pure and peaceful principles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. These small groups of followers of the crucified Nazarene of ever-increasing size and influence attract scant attention from globe trotters, sight seers, officials, traders, hunters and others, but they constitute the most significant movement in Africa and in other non-Christian lands today. They are the salt and the leaven in the sense of a preserving and transforming power. Soldier boys who had little or no interest in church and mission work while at home became greatly interested as they saw the effects of mission work in the Congo and were moved to give to its support and some even expressed desires to be missionaries.

The Congo Mission has been one of the most fruitful mission fields of our society and the returns have been great for the investments made. In 1934 Dr. John R. Mott visited Africa and the Congo for the first time. Dr. Mott has traveled over the world in the interests of Christian work and knows mission work and mission fields as no other man knows them. He held three conferences in the Congo, the last of which was held in Leopoldville. In concluding these conferences he said: "In all my travels I have never seen so rich a fruitage from so meager a sowing. I see no limit to the possibilities of this great continent." Why so meager a sowing? Why in the days of peace and prosperity have we been content to give a little of our marginal time and small change to the Lord's work when we should have been giving generously and sacrificially until it hurt? What returns would we as Christian people have had if in due time we had aroused ourselves to actual and desperate needs in home churches and on mission fields and had given as generously and sacrificially to meeting these needs as we

have given to the demands of the War?

We have made a good beginnig and laid foundations at the expense of money and of life. We have manifest signs of God's presence and blessing in our work. Shall we continue to do our bit with scrupulous fidelity to the mite boxes or shall we strengthen our work and as soon and fast as possible move forward all along the line. It is a great thing to begin an important work for God but the responsibility for its continuance and completion is greater. Increasing demands must be met by enlarged gifts. Shall we not adopt a new standard of sacrifice and of service and unitedly engage in an aggressive spiritual warfare that the Church in Congo and every where may be victorious in the day of its opportunity?

"To say that God is Love may carry us but a little way if we have not Christ upon the Cross before our minds; indeed it may even be misleading. For we often attach to the word "Love" the thought of indulgent amiability .... That indulgent sentiment is selfish at the heart. What really prompts the acts which express it is desire for the pleasure of giving pleasure - a kindly form of self-concern, but self-concern none the less. God is not like that. He does not seek His own pleasure in the sight of our enjoyment .... but what he seeks is our true welfare, and growth in love like His own. His love is not easygoing. "So God loved the world that he gave his only son" to suffer the agony of the Cross; His love is shewn in Agony and Bloody Sweat - in Cross and Passion." — *William Temple in "Palm Sunday to Easter."*

Belgian Congo Mission

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with P. O. addresses *

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* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S.*